

VOLUME CXXXVIII—No. 18.

NEWPORT, R. I. OCTOBER 12, 1895.

WHOLE NUMBER 7,776

The Newport Mercury,

PUBLISHED BY

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-eighth year. It is without doubt the oldest extant newspaper in the United States. It is a large quarto of fifty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State and general news, well selected judicature and valuable farmers' and household hints. It is the leading newspaper in the city, and its circulation gives it a wide influence throughout the country. It is a valuable publication, and its price given to advertising is \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Extra copies are also obtained by the agents of the publication and at the news-stands in the city. A specimen copy sent free, and special terms given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

Unity Club.

The Club opened its winter season last Tuesday evening with a very philosophical and eloquent public lecture delivered by the Rev. Wm. R. Alger of Boston on the "Morbid and Wholesome Element in Literature and Life." In his treatment of literature, he specially turned the attention of the audience to poetry, as poetical compositions are the most intensified forms of literature. His views were strong against the hysterical and pessimistic style of some modern writers and in favor of the old pure and healthy tone which raises and elevates the reader.

The following new members were proposed and elected: Miss Mary L. Gots, Mrs. S. S. Southwick; Miss Emma Anthony, Mr. Edward Newton; Mrs. Edward Newton, Mrs. William H. Boone; Miss Sarah Pitman, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Perry; Mr. Theodore O. Carr, Miss Mary V. Palmer; Mrs. James D. Kaulf, Miss Lena Kaulf, Miss Mary Clark, Mr. Ralph W. Wood, Miss Borla Wood and Mr. H. N. Stevenson.

Mr. Frank B. Dawsen was elected secretary, in place of Miss Adin Grindall, who had declined to serve. A special vote of thanks was adopted for past services rendered by Mr. E. B. Harrington, secretary, and Dr. Frederick Bradford, as chairman of Culture Committee. It is the usage of the Unity Club to change its principal officers now and then, so as to make all interested in the practical work, and it is in conformity with the custom that the session opens with a new secretary and a new chairman of the Culture Committee. The latter office will be sustained this year by Col. J. P. Leale, who will assume his official position at the first Study Meeting of the Club, to take place on the 22d inst.

Peanut Joe in Trouble.

Giuseppe A. Brangazio, known to the residents of this city for more than a score of years as "Peanut Joe," who has sold peanuts for that time on Washington Square, is in trouble. Some time ago he sold out his business, packed up his possessions and announced his intention of returning to Italy. Now, it seems that "Joe" has been occupying a tenement belonging to Mr. Constant Smith and, as the story goes, has not paid his rent. So when "Joe" started to leave on the New York boat Tuesday night, Mr. Smith objected and sent an officer to arrest him. "Joe" was lodged in jail over night but was released in the morning, his friends furnishing bail. "Joe" claims that he did not intend to leave Newport for good, and that in the basement which he had occupied for some years he left his furniture and his household effects, as well as his personal effects, in the keeping of his wife, that he was going to New York simply to transact some business and to purchase ticket with which he proposed to sail for his native land on Tuesday next. Suit will be brought against the owner of the house which "Joe" occupied, for damages for unjust imprisonment, Joe claiming that it has been a financial loss to him as well as an injury to his feelings.

The Chapel of St. John the Evangelist on Poplar street is to be remodeled into a parish house for the Zabriskie Memorial Church parishes, and the contract for the work has been awarded to Mr. F. A. Allen, Jr. The altar will be given to Holy Cross Chapel and the font will be placed in Kay chapel. The new parish house is to include Sunday school class rooms, libraries, club rooms, etc., and will no doubt prove an additional attraction to that parish.

Mr. J. D. Johnston is confined to his home by illness.

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FROM WALL STREET TO NEWGATE.

By AUNTIE BLOWELL.

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CHAPTER VIII.

As narrated in an earlier chapter, I left England two days before the first lot of false bills was sent in. I left serene and confident of the future. My departure was a happy event in a double sense. All my negotiations had been carried on at a considerable expense of nerve, and in leaving I left everything in such trim that success seemed certain, with all chance of danger eliminated from the venture. I felt that the trying toll was now all over, with nothing for me to do but to reap the harvest, and that without effort or care on my part.

So when the late November sun looked down on me—I crossed by daylight this time—standing on the deck of that same wretched channel steamer, it looked on a happy man. I did not know then that success in wrongdoing was over a failure. The anxious toll of the London and continental negotiations was a thing of the past. Was I not young? Wealth you or soon would be mine. Was I not in perfect health, body sound and digestion good, and, above all, was not the woman I loved awaiting me in Paris, to give herself to me in all her youth and beauty, and then somewhere across the western world would I not find in those troupe seas a paradise, which gold could make mine, where I could bear my bridle and there, turning over a new leaf, live and die with the respect of all good men?

Here was a stately structure I was going to erect, but how rotten the foundation! I finished, in my case at least, the eternal course of things would be staid, and that justice would grant me a clean bill of health. She did give me that, but it was long years after and only when she had had from me her pound of flesh to the very last cent.

I joined my sweetheart and her family at the Hotel St. James, Rue Saint-Honoré, and our wedding day being fixed a week ahead we all set out sightseeing and having a good time generally. I now engaged the coachman I had met before as my valet, and a very good all around hand man he proved to be. Of course I was anxious to hear that the first coup on the bank had succeeded, but I was tolerably confident it was all right. Had it fallen through it would have proved awkward for me.

Late one December morning on opening my eyes my first thought was, it will be hit or miss at the Bank of England within the next 40 minutes. We had engaged for a escorting party to Verviers and were to dine there. I left for the drive that day with a dim fear that before the sunset I might be under the necessity of leaving Paris in a hurry.

When starting for Verviers, I left my servant behind to wait for the expected telegram and to bring it to me by rail. We were at dinner, and I was just raising a glass of champagne to my lips when I saw my valet, Nunn, crossing the esplanade. He entered the room and handed me a telegram. Tearing open the envelope, I read:

"All well. Bought and shipped 40 boxes."

That meant the first lot for \$40,000 had gone through safely. It was certainly a great relief. Three days after I received \$35,000 in United States bonds from George in London, my first share of the proceeds. I sold the bonds in Paris, receiving payment in French notes.

On Thursday, the day before my marriage, I had a telegram from Mac and George to meet them in Calais, and to Calais I had to go. I arrived there at midnight, just before the Dover steamer got in, and was on the pier to meet them. We exchanged warm greetings.

As we did, so also placed a small but very heavy bag in my hand, and they began laughing over my surprise. It contained one thousand very nice sum of \$100,000 in gold, bonds and French money.

As they were going back on the same steamer and I was to return to Paris by the train carrying the passengers of the steamer just arrived, we only had a brief half hour's talk. After giving me the money we went out and sat down on the pier, and that conversation and scene are forever impressed on my memory. I shall make no attempt to describe either, but could both be put on the stage with the audience in possession of a full knowledge of the enterprise we were embarked in there would be seen a picture of human life such as the novelist or playwright never had the imagination or the daring to depict. To the earnest student of human life it would have been a revelation.

There we were, three earnest, ambitious young men, enthusiastic for all that was good and noble, about to wed a pure sealed woman, who thought me an angel of goodness, and about to fly with my plumes and bride to Mexico. My two companions were returning to London to continue carrying out a giant scheme of fraud against a great money institution, but there we were with \$100,000 at our feet, sitting under the stars listening to the dash of the waves and talking not at all like pirates and robbers, but much more like crusaders setting out on a crusade or like pilgrims going on a pilgrimage.

I told my friends I should go to the City of Mexico for a year or two and then meet them somewhere in America, where we would unite our wealth to inaugurate some scheme that would benefit thousands in our own generation and millions in the generations to come. We would hedge ourselves about with kindly deeds, so live as to win the respect of all, and when under the sod live in the eye and mouth of men.

Too soon the whistle sounded, and we had to say goodbye, which we did in an enthusiasm that told how we felt. We were walking in the Princess Way; its flowers and roses were sweet. We knew it not, but it was fast leading us into a galling gloom in which death might the flowers were all to within and the trees seems to be buried and still.

I again arrived in Paris at night, but early as it was my sweetheart, assisted by my servant, was waiting for me. It was our wedding in Paris.

During our drive to the hotel, radiantly with joy she told me the separation had been a cruel one and who was so happy to know we should never be separated again!

At 4 o'clock that afternoon we were married at the American embassy. My purpose was to sail by the Lopez & Co. steamer El Rey Felipe, from Cadiz to Mexico, which was advertised to sail ten days later.

We were married very quietly on Friday, and our friends, wisely recognizing the fact that young married people like to be alone, the next day said goodby and returned to Brittany. We spent a quiet and happy Saturday and Sunday, and on Sunday night we left—my wife, servant and self—for Cadiz, via Madrid. My wife, like all English people, knew little of geography, and had such hazy notions of America that she thought it quite the thing to go to such an outlandish and far-off quarter of the globe as America via a Spanish port. Columbus had given that way, and why should not we?

We had an all night ride to Bayonne in one of those antiquated compartments used in railway carriages all over Europe, but the ride was not tedious or the night long. This little cart had no happier couple, and talking of the happy years that lay before us the night reached like a fairy dream.

Where was my consciousness? Why, my dear reader, I had sung it such a song that it was delighted with the music, and had, I was going to say, gone to sleep, but it had not. It was wide awake, and we were good chums. We both—consciousness and I—had persuaded ourselves it was a virtuous deed to do evil that good might come. My consciousness was perhaps as old as the sun, but I myself was young and too inexperienced to see the fallacy of the argument, since I myself was the doer of the wrong, but of course I should have hotly denounced any other such philosopher as a villain and a rogue.

The night flew by, and to our surprise we found 240 miles had slipped away, and we were in Bayonne. Thirty minutes more, and we were speeding south and soon crossed the Bidassoa, the boundary between France and Spain. Then my wife, saying, "Now I will stop," lay her head on the shoulder of the happiest man in or out of Spain, and in ten minutes her regular breathing told me she was in the land of dreams.

The Pyrenees, in dividing France and Spain, stand between two distinct peoples, and as the centuries go by the streams of national life meet, but only to repel each other, never to mingle. In



We had an all night ride to Bayonne. 1879 and 1878 the Carlists held the mountain, and more or less skirmishing was going on. The possibility of my way being blocked by the Carlists never entered into my calculations.

Our train crossed the bridge over the Bidassoa, and we were on Spanish soil. Soon we entered the gorges of the Pyrenees, and while speculating whether I should awaken my wife to see the magnificent scenery all necessity for awakening any one on that train was over. Three or four musket shots rang out; our train was off the rail and after a crash or two came to a sudden stop, and then a babel rose, while the train was surrounded by armed men. It was laughable. It seemed like opera bonfire, the real thing, this motley array of brigands all trying to maintain under difficulties the grave Spanish exterior.

One monkey of 18 or 19 years, armed, came to our compartment, and pointing to my chain said he wanted it and my watch. None of us understood Spanish, but we all comprehended his meaning readily. I refused to make him a gift and got rid of him easily.

We were all ordered to alight, and our captors seemed inclined to be ugly. Myself and party were about the only well dressed people on the train, and seeing a priest close by I went up to him, and ascertaining he could speak French I began in very bad French indeed to threaten with very dire consequences Don Carlos and every hand of Carlists who dared to annoy an English duke and duchess and demanded instant shelter and a guard for my wife, the duchess. We could hardly keep from laughing, it was so very like a melodrama. My wife thoroughly enjoyed the situation, and I should have done so, too, had I not had such strong reasons for quick passage through Spain to blue water on the south, for I desired to pass some leagues of Neptune's domain between myself and the old world.

The priest, although tall, somber fellow, was a very good one and seemed to realize the gravity of the situation, for calling the chief to him he warned him to be careful. That gentleman came up, and drawing himself up said very proudly, "Sir, we are soldiers, not robbers." I said I was very glad to know it and demanded to be informed if I was a soldier or not and was told I was not, but with the same breath he said he would be obliged to detain us for a few days. There was a fonda, or inn, close by, and leaving my wife there I finally managed by a liberal use of money to secure an ox cart, and by virtue of great generalship on the part of myself and servant got all our baggage out of the wrecked train and safely up to the inn.

Spaniards are proverbially slow, but by riding maddeningly the miles away I succeeded in seeing the local commander of the Carlist forces, and he promised to send me the next day a pass through the lines holding their strength in fresh

got him also to include in the pass my fellow passengers. I did this because there was a Portuguese family who had tickets for South America. They were then on their way to embark at Lisbon, and the old gentleman, the head of the family, was very weak and ill.

My info plan would have been to return to France, make my way to Brest and embark from thence to New York, and that would have been my course had I any conception of the slowness of the Spanish officials and of the severe storms and snows that dominate the passes of the Pyrenees in winter.

We were informed by many officials, railway guards, custom house officers, Carlists, etc., that by crossing 30 miles south we would pass the lines and get to a little town on the railway where trains left frequently for Madrid. The Spaniards about the places would never have let me start out on that portion trip had it not been for the money they was in it. I had secured at round price three century old bullock carts, and in the afternoon of the second day we got off. I had all the women and the sick Portuguese in one cart, with the two others and the carts ahead heaped with luggage. Thus there were eight bullocks, four miles away, and that the down grade would be easy until we reached some snug inn where we would find shelter for man and beast. Then an early start by daylight and one never heard would come to an end in civilization and a railway. But I did not know Spaniards, their country, the Pyrenees, or what blizzards can blow in sunny Spain.

Myself and my servant Nunn trudged along beside the carts with the women. It took an hour to get out of sight of the fonda, and then we struck a fine, wide military road that wound in and around the mountains, but always up and deep in snow. Three, four o'clock came, and still no sign of the summit, but with roads deep in snow, with wretched carts and more wretched Spaniards for drivers, there was poor prospect of making headway. I felt it would never do for me to suffer longer detention.

I determined to leave my wife and luggage in charge of Nunn, to put the \$120,000 I had in a bag and start back to the French frontier, cross into France and catch the Saturday steamer from Havre to New York, explaining to my wife that important business demanded my presence in America; that she could follow on the next steamer and that I would meet her on arrival.

In the meantime my unlucky 13 were happy. For were they not sheltered, with plenty of food and high wages, all out of the pocket of the great land the Virgin herself must have sent to them?

In fact, they were winning from me what to them was a fortune. I was paying each man \$1 a day and \$5 for each team and cart.

Nunn proved to be thoroughly reliable, helpful and full of cheer. Between us we kept up the spirits of the party. But all hands began to grow hungry. Fortunately I had in my baggage a large pack of foie gras—that is, a fat goose liver pie—and it was fat, happy so, as we went further. Then I got rags and wraps out of my trunk for the women and a couple of bottles of brandy and administered liberal doses all round. I soon had them happy and full of courage. It was certainly better to have them full of Dutch courage in a fool's paradise than to have them awake to their position, for I quite expected it would end in a night campout in the snow and sending an empty cart for supplies. Two hours after dark we came to a dead halt, and my guides—they were beauties—said they could go no farther; the oxen could not pull the carts. There was a fonda, they said, two miles away, but did not show any disposition to help to get there, and for that matter did not seem to care whether we did or not. I ordered them to leave the middle cart behind and divide the teams, one team to be added to the front cart and one to be hitched in front of the oxen. Our interpreter was one of the Portuguese women, but we did not get on very well, the Spaniards objecting to anything being done, all of them apparently waiting for the Virgin or some of the saints to come to our aid.

Nunn and I were exasperated and finally took the matter in our own hands. By my orders, despite the energetic protests of the driver, he unhitched the oxen from the middle team, and between us we got them to the mule cart, and then pulled out, past the other carts.

Thus the Spaniards halted us, and after an angry altercation in the dark, and it was dark, they agreed to go on. So, taking a yoke of oxen from one cart, they were put in front of the four of the first cart, and off we started.

Nunn volunteered to stand by and guard the stranded cart, so giving him two blankets and a little brandy we drove off in the darkness, but not until in sight of all I had given him a revolver and each of the unlucky 13 a good nip of brandy. My anxiety about serious results was over as soon as we started, and in 1½ hours we halted in front of a wreathed inn, patronized by muleteers, with the first stock for a stable, but none of us was disposed to be particular. A supper of Spanish beans was soon ready, and then a bed was made up on the floor, and the women were soon asleep. After seeing that the mules and oxen were fed I took half an hour's nap. Then, with two drivers, we started back, taking three yoke of oxen. What a trap I had back through the snow and storm! I was very happy, however, for I knew my wife and party were safely sheltered, and the excitement of action kept me from being fatigued.

In due time we found our way, but it was hard, and the exhausted oxen had to come to frequent halts. At last, just as I was beginning to feel tired, we came to a few days. There was a fonda, or inn, close by, and leaving my wife there I finally managed by a liberal use of money to secure an ox cart, and by virtue of great generalship on the part of myself and servant got all our baggage out of the wreathed train and safely up to the inn.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS

Saturday, Oct. 5.

Major General Ruge assumed command of the military department of the east—South Carolina constitutional convention extended sympathy to the Cuban patriots—Cuban flag to be displayed over the city hall at Key West—Cape Ann (Mass.) whistling buoy to be moved—Governor Hughes of Arizona makes a plea for statehood—Gold reserve in the Treasury gained \$1,000—Librarian Spofford will probably retain his position—Death of Palmer Björnson—American liner St. Paul averaged 2,550 knots on her speed trial—Three vessels wrecked and two lives lost off Newfoundland—Eric defeated Skelly in a fight at the New Manhattan Athletic club—Dr. Parkhurst says it will be anti-Tammany against Tammany in New York's elections—The women voters of Hartford have decided not to put a ticket in the field at the coming municipal election—The Connecticut supreme court adjourned sine die—the Pawtucket (R. I.) Veteran Firemen's association voted to attend the muster in Boston—Marlboro, N. H., is having a scarlet fever scare. Over 20 cases are reported, and the schools are closed.

Sunday, Oct. 6.

Flour mills in Fort Collins, Colo., burned; loss, \$125,000—South African Consul to Venzuela not wrecked, as reported—Three fires in Cambridge, Mass., caused a loss of about \$600—Montauk Indians returned to their old grounds on Long Island, and propose to fight for possession—Government of Uruguay dissatisfied with the English minister and consul—British yachtsmen fail to support Lord Dunraven in his position—Cleated oar struck by a train at Waltham, Mass., and two men injured—The dead body of an infant boy was found by two young men in some woods north of Nashua, N. H.—It was wrapped in a woman's skirt and other clothing. Initials on the skirt may prove a clue in the case—James Cunningham, aged 35, a brakeman on the Elitching road, fell from a car near Greenfield, Mass., and was probably fatally injured—The Franklin Methodist church in Brockton, Mass., was dedicated. The church cost, including furnishings, about \$10,000—John Q. A. Carter of Rowley, Mass., was probably fatally injured by being thrown from his buggy by a runaway horse—Aaron Oliver of Athol, Mass., is charged with procuring a criminal operation. He has served three years in state prison for a similar offense.

Monday, Oct. 7.

Mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Lydia Millin Scott, until recently a guest at the Hesperus, Boston—Slow passage of the steamer Paris due to pruning of the boilers—Death of General Mahone of Virginia but a question of days—Critic killed and many injured by collapse, of a floor at a corner-store laying at Lorain, O.—Rev. William J. Concord of South Boston celebrated his 20th anniversary—Inians reported to have killed Captain Smith, who precipitated the troubles at Jackson's Hole—Two alleged counterfeiters arrested at Boston—Management of Brookline (Mass.) fair arraigned by a pastor—Report that Mrs. Langtry intends to marry Sir Robert Peel—Masked robbers got \$8000 from county treasurer at Arcadia, Fla.—Republican representative convention at Rio, In., took 7,377 ballots without result—Three incendiary fires at Lawrence, Mass.—Prairie fires devastating a rich farming region in South Dakota—Armenians in Constantinople still in a state of terror—Guthrie, O. T., makes a bid for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight—Prince Henry of Prussia accompanied the Kaiser on his tour through Alsace—Anti-Tammany organizations in New York failed to reach an agreement—New York pastor declares that the Cubans are entitled to the support of the civilized world—Schooner Nellie S. Pickering sunk near Vineyard shore—Reported gold discovery in Seward county, Neb.—Mayor and chief of police of Lexington, Ky., indicted for permitting liquor selling—Missionary colony to be established in western North Carolina—Boy in Newburyport, Mass., killed by a stone thrown by another.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.

Harrard will not play football with Yale this year or next—Anti-Tammany fusion ticket agreed upon in New York—Death of Rev. Michael J. Molony of Boston—Baltimore scored its first victory in the Temple cup series—Death of William Wetmore Story, the sculptor—Terrible colliery disaster in Wilkesbarre, Pa.; 21 miners killed—Fire at Green Bay, Wis., caused loss of \$100,000—Bold jewelry robbery in Haverhill, Mass.—Cholera on the decrease at Honolulu—More vigorous Behring sea policy to be adopted next year—Pittsburgh's assistant city attorney believed to have received \$30,000 interest of public funds—Reception to Rev. Charles Beecher by the young ladies of the Georgetown (Mass.) Congregational church—Collective note of the powers to come—the Turkish populace inflamed against England—British and German legations at Bogota guarded by police—French troops advancing against King Menelik of Abyssinia—Attempt to blow up house of Justice Beadle in Cheshire, Conn.—Lynn (Mass.) postoffice will not be consolidated with the Boston office—No police ball in Boston this year—Steamer Olivette had a rough trip to Halifax—Learned, the man missing from Washburn, Me., believed to be insane—Corbett and Fitzsimmons will not be allowed to fight in the Indian territory—Colonel H. C. White appointed adjutant general of Rhode Island—Five mailmen blew open a grocery safe at West Brookfield, Mass.—Three extensive street railway systems in Philadelphia amalgamated—Diphtheria epidemic at Hammond, Ind.—Fierce freight war seems inevitable—Colonel W. L. Chase of Brooklyn, Mass., dead—Grain elevator and mill burned at Edmore, Mich.—Haviland murdered two men at North Tonawanda, N. Y.—Southwestern railroad lines agreed to maintain rates—Further decrease in the number of seals of Alaska reported—California fruit gradually finding favor with London buyers—Professor Welch says anti-toxin marks an epoch in medical science—Eighteen persons killed in a railroad collision near Brussels—Armenians in Chicago demand the recall of United States Minister Terrell—J. R. Fardon arrested for robbing the Adams Express company of \$16,000—Dr. Nin, Uruguayan minister at London, lost his ignorance of his recall—Electric locomotive's great drawing power tested satisfactorily at Baltimore—Negroes advised by a Chicago preacher to turn in bondsmen in cities where they are abused—Bear and deer farm in northern Wisconsin expected to make a fortune for the owners—A. D. Willis, wanted on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, brought from Hartford to Boston—The president has appointed Albert H. Mekler to be collector of customs for the district of St. Augustine, Fla.—Patrick Grant, aged 80, father of Robert Grant, the novelist, a successful merchant of Boston for many years, died in that city.

Wednesday, Oct. 9.

The Christian Endeavor state convention opened at Pittsfield, Mass.—Trouble caused by Mexican pilgrimage to shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe—State department compelled to abandon the Kozminski case—Busy career of General Mahone ended—Spanish cruiser Cristobal Colon a total loss—Corbett and Fitzsimmons and their trainers and managers being summoned before grand jury—Fierce conflicts between Catholics and Liberals in Barcelona—King's father entered the royal palace at Seoul at the head of an armed force—Black Flags routed by the Japanese in Formosa—French government has no official information of the capture of Antamurau—Railroad man said to have confessed that he caused the fatal accident at Blackstone Junction, Mass.—Report of attempt to assassinate Justice Bradlee of Cheshire, Conn., not true—Lawrence (Mass.) voted against the proposed new city charter.

Body found in the river at Haverhill, Mass., was that of E. W. Gaskins of Lowell—Wreck on the Consolidated railroad at Manville, R. I.—Edwin Hutchings of Staceyville, Me., held for trial on the charge of attempting to kill his daughter—Cleveland won the deciding game of the Temple cup series—Republicans of Indianapolis received the heaviest defeat in their history—Charles D. Rose's challenge for the America's cup arrived—Several Cambridge (Mass.) stores visited by thieves—Thousands of lottery tickets seized at Detroit—Rate system of western lines completely demoralized—Montana will restore parochial schools to the point of revolution—Lake Superior mines will produce 10,000,000 tons of ore in 1895—Negro question causes discord in the Republican ranks in Louisiana—Contagious diseases, confined principally to children, prevalent at Cambridge, Mass.—Chicago and Alton line withdraws from the Chicago Railway association—Police Commissioner Roosevelt of New York pleased with the fusion ticket of the Republicans.

Thursday, Oct. 10.

Hot Springs, Ark., selected for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight—Rufus Gossell and James Nelson held on charge of burning the Lebanon (Mo.) town hall buildings—City Marshal Hartman of Biddleford, Me., denies charges of bribery—Political outlook in Kentucky very uncertain—Please pneumonia discovered in first importation of Australian cattle to Europe—Cuban junta in New York to call a large public meeting soon—Holt to throw Austria to be inundated with tuberculosis serum—Episcopalians voted to hold next annual convention at Atlanta—General Mahone buried with honors at Petersburg, Va.—Shockville-West's attack upon President Cleveland and Secretary Bayard received with amusement at Washington—Durant took the stand in his own behalf in the San Francisco murder trial—Firemen's muster and baby show at Nashua, N. H.—Republican club of Massachusetts presents the claims of Boston as a place for holding national Republican convention—Charles R. Brown appointed sheriff for Penobscot county, Me.—Middletown (Conn.) Democrats claim the town election was illegal—Unsuccessful raid of burglars on Greenfield Center, N. Y.—Haverhill (Mass.) white girl attempted to elope with a colored youth but caught by her father—Slashing of prices of leather likely to go on for some time—Joe Patelon defeated Robert J. in a race at Lexington, Ky.—Brower (Mo.) man thought to have died at sea, has returned home—Supply of lobsters far short of the demand—British and American consuls failed in Ku-Cheng inquiry—Elisha Atwood of Lynn, Mass., tried to commit suicide in Lynn woods—Police of Constantinople tried to provoke riots, it is said—September a month of droughts throughout the United States—Approaching maturity of the carobs absorbs national interest in Russia—Population of Columbia, S. C., are still clamoring for the removal of British Minister Jeuner—President Tuttle of the Boston and Maine says the lease of the Concord and Montreal is a success—Increase in the capital stock of the Fitchburg Railroad company approved by the railroad commissioners.

Friday, Oct. 11.

France will allow the reign of the queen to be maintained in Madagascar—Prisoners implicated in Ku-Cheng outrages slightly tortured in Chinese court—Turkish protection at last promised to the American college at Marystown—Japanese minister declares that his country does not desire to acquire more territory—The Spokane pamphlet not regarded at Washington as containing anything new—Fifty or 60 poor families burned out at Cynthiana, Ky.—Six persons burned to death in Snyder Depot, Ont.—Meager details of the destruction of La Paz, lower California, by a hurricane—Governor of Arkansas will not allow the right to be held there—Twenty-four cows at Durham, Conn., badly afflicted with tuberculosis—Flax discovered in the Waterbury (Conn.) new city charter—Mrs. Chase again elected president of Rhode Island Woman Suffrage association—Arthur Guerin cut the throat of Ella Greenwood at New Bedford, Mass., and escaped—Captain Armes acquired at Washington—Chile Gas trust will work at reorganization secretly—Rate war may neutralize good effects of corn crop—Tammany's ticket does not please all the Tammany leaders—Spain has 12,000 additional soldiers to send to Cuba if necessary—Twenty workmen buried in ruins of a building at Hoboken, Westphalia—Fire in "First Usher's Block" Medford, Mass., damaged several stores and offices—Business may establish a line of fast steamers from Shanghai to Vladivostok—J. P. Cronin held in \$5000 bail on the charge of killing Patrick Graton at Boston—Miss Haskell acquitted of the charge of aiding train robber Parry to escape from confinement—Lynn (Mass.) laborer, partly buried in a trench, dug himself out with his dinner pail—Two lawyers killed by ex-Senator Houston and an ex-sheriff at Woodward, O. T.—State department warned customs collectors to look out for filibustering expeditions to Cuba—State department complains that many international complications are caused by restless missionaries—Claim that General Harrison will suffer politically as a result of the Republican defeat in Indiana politics.

Newspaper among the Sufferers—Waltham, Mass., Oct. 9.—An explosion of chemicals in the photograph gallery of J. C. Brown, on the second floor of a three-story wooden business block, last night started a fire which caused a damage of \$25,000. The offices of the Waltham Evening News were completely wrecked.

Pickering's Crew Land.

EDGARTOWN, Mass., Oct. 8.—Schooner Jennie of New London, Conn., yesterday stripped the schooner Nellie F. Pickering, which sank off this port after going ashore Friday and landed Captain Kimball and the crew of the Pickering. The vessel is a total loss.

GENERAL STATE Patriarch Militant.

CLAREMONT, N. H., Oct. 8.—The annual meeting of the Patriarch Militant was held in Masonic Temple yesterday, and Charles E. Ober of Milford, grand patriarch, and other officers were elected and installed. A ball was given in the evening.

Portland Merchant Falls.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 11.—J. E. Rand, wholesale dry goods merchant, made an assignment yesterday. His liabilities are stated to be \$75,000, and he claims \$65,000 assets.

BATTLE AX PLUG

THE LARGEST PIECE
OF GOOD TOBACCO
EVER SOLD FOR 10 CENTS



ARMES IS DISCHARGED.

Arrest "Unwarranted, Illegal, Unjust and Tyrannical."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—War department officials are much disappointed and chagrined at the decision of Judge Bradley in the Armes case. Secretary Lamont refuses to say what his purpose is, but it is inferred, in view of the breadth of the decision, that no attempt will be made to try the captain by court-martial pending the action of the appellate court upon an appeal noted.

CAPTAIN GEORGE A. ARMES, RETIRED.

Captain Armes was arrested for sending a threatening letter, and, as a matter of army discipline, he ordered the soldier's confinement.

Judge Bradley yesterday ordered the discharge of Major Armes from the custody of the military authorities, by whom he was held under orders of General Schofield, as acting secretary of war.

Reviewing the facts of the case, the court said that Major Armes' arrest and confinement were in violation, not only of the spirit, but the letter of the army regulations, and that in whatever capacity General Schofield may have acted, be it either as lieutenant general of the army or secretary of war, his action was unwarranted, illegal, unjust and tyrannical. The prisoner was entitled to his discharge, and such an order was issued.

LIFE'S BATTLE ENDED.

General William Mahone, "Hero of the Crater," Dies at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—General William Mahone died at Chamberlin's hotel at 1 o'clock yesterday from the effects of a paralytic stroke sustained on Sept. 30. He had been totally unconscious for more than 48 hours previous to death, and passed away seemingly without pain.

GENERAL MAHONE.

General Mahone was born in Southampton county, Va., Dec. 1, 1836, graduated at the Virginia Military Institute in 1857, engaged in engineering and when the civil war broke out he joined the contractor of the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad. He joined the Confederate army in 1861.

GENERAL MAHONE.

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Poetry.**The Summer Girl.**

I weather at the seashore; 'twas a lovely July night.
The band was playing gayly and the moon was bright.
Lucy left her in the hall room, and I danced the two-step.
I had a dance, then the very best of all the men I know."

I waded upon the soft sand,
With its fair mists.
And told her that I loved her, that my love
Would never fail.

And she, so kind to sweetly that I knew
That she was mine.

I need not say "Yes" to prove my blessing
So long.

I taught a ring-in Lucy—'twas a brilliant
It cost all its beholders; 'twas indeed be-yo-u-tiful.

It cost two hundred dollars, and it came from Italy.

And when she put it on she seemed overcome
With its grace.

We drovetogether, walked together, braved
The weather as we when it was cool, at noon
When it was warm.

I taught her books and roses, and took her
To the dance.

And told her that my best reward was just
One smiling glance.

"And all went well until one night another
Fell in love,

I knew he did not wish to know, that fellow's name.

But when she introduced him, when we met
That awful day,

She said me, "I want you, George, to know
My face."

"And in the fall, when we were wed, I hope
That you will be

One of us;

You have been so very
Good to me.

You've helped me while away the long, dull
hours at the store.

While poor old Jack was tolling in the city at
the store.—[Albany State.]

Selected Tale.**"THOU ART THE MAN."**

"Tis the last straw that breaks the camel's back," said Lucy, bursting into tears.

The pleasant June sunbeams came peeping into the cool, stone-paved dairy, where pails of milk and cream were ranged in orderly array; great stone pots stood under the shelves, and a blue-painted churn was already placed there for the service.

Mr. Bellenden was justly proud of his dairy. Not a chance guest came to see the house but was invited down to see it; not a housekeeper in the neighborhood but secretly envied its many conveniences and exquisite neatness.

"And it isn't the dairy alone!" triumphantly remarked Seth Bellenden. "And you may go through the house from parlor to cellar, and you will never find a speck of dust or a stain of dirt. There is not such a house-keeper as my wife."

Mrs. Bellenden was young, too—nearly three-and-twenty. She had been the daughter of a retired army officer, daintily reared and quite ignorant of all the machinery of domestic life until she married Seth Bellenden.

"It's very strange," Lucy had written to her father. "The farm is beautiful. You never saw such monstrous old buttonball trees, nor such superb roses, and the meadows are full of clover and the strawberries shine like jewels on the sunny hillsides. But no body sketches or reads. I don't think there's a copy of Tennyson in the neighborhood, and no one ever heard of Rose or Millais. All they think of is how many dozen of eggs the hens lay, and how many cheeses can be made in a year. And the woman who has a new receipt for waffles, or a new pattern for a sensible thing they call crazy quilts, is the leader in society."

But presently young Mrs. Bellenden herself caught the fever and became a model housewife. Example is all-powerful, and Lucy began to believe that the whole soul and sum of life was domestic thrift, money-saving and the treadmill of work.

"My dear," said Seth, "if you thought you could get along without Hepzibah, I might be able to afford that before the crop comes in."

"I'll try," said Lucy.

And after that she break and work later in the night than ever.

"Not in the matter with your hands, Lucy," Seth asked one day. "They are not so white and beautiful as they used to be."

Lucy colored as she glanced down at the members in question.

"I suppose it is making the fires," said she.

And then she took to wearing old kid gloves at her sweeping and dusting and digging out of ashes.

"My coat is getting shabby," Seth one day remarked.

"Why don't you buy another one?" asked his wife.

Seth laughed—a short laugh.

"What do you think Mrs. Higgins bottom has done?" said he. "She ripped up her husband's old suit and cut a pattern by it, and made a new one, and entirely saved him ten dollars!"

"I could do that!" said Lucy, with sparkling eyes. "I will try it."

"You can do anything, my dear," said Mr. Bellenden, admiringly.

And Lucy felt that she had her rich reward.

Company began to come as soon as the bright weather set in.

All the affectionate relations of Mr. Bellenden soon discovered that the farmhouse was cool and shady, that Lucy's cooking was excellent, and that the bedrooms were neatness itself.

Some of them were even good enough to invite their relations as well, and so the house was full from April to December.

All the clergymen made their home at Brother Belenden's when they came to Silver Bridge for ecclesiastical conventions; all the agents of unfeared articles discovered that they knew somebody who was acquainted with the Belenders, and brought their car, pet bags and valises, with the faith in human hospitality which is one of life's best gifts.

Mr. Bellenden's fame went abroad among the Darcies of the neighborhood in the matter of butter and cheese. She took part in the domestic departments of all the agricultural fairs, and the adjoining housewives took no trouble to make things that they could borrow of Mrs. Bellenden, "just as well as not."

And one day, when poor Lucy, under the blighting influence of a horrific sick headache, was endeavoring to strain three or four gallons of milk into the blinding pail, the boys arrived that Uncle Paul was coming to the farm.

"Another guest," said Lucy desparately.

And then she uttered the prayer that laid her sick.

"Oh, it's only Uncle Paul!" said Mr. Bellenden. "Don't fear, Lucy; he's the most peaceful old gentleman in the world. He'll make no more trouble than a cricket. John's wife thought she couldn't have him because he had a hired girl, just now."

"Neither have I!" said Lucy rebel-Honly.

"And Sarah Eliza don't like company."

"I am supposed to be fond of it!" ob-

served Lucy, bitterly.

"And Rebekah's girls don't want old folks staying there. It's too much trouble, they say," added Seth.

Lucy bit her lip to keep back the words she might have uttered, and said, instead:

"Where is he to sleep? The Belfords have the front bedroom, and your cousin Susan the back, and the four Miss Pattersons sleep in the two half chambers, and the hired men have the garret, instead."

She might have added that she and her husband and the baby had slept in a hot little den opening from the kitchen for four weeks, valuing expecting Mr. and Mrs. Belford to depart, and that she had never yet had a chance to live her life to the full in pleasant weather.

But she was magnanimous and held her peace.

"Oh, you can find some place for him!" said her husband, lightly.

"There's that little room at the end of the hall where the spinning wheel is."

"But it isn't furnished!" pleaded Lucy.

"You can easily sew a carpet together out of those old pieces from the Belfords' room, and it's no trouble to put a mosquito curtain to the window and fit in the cobweb. There are plenty of good sweet hawks in the corn house, and you can just tack together a matress and whitewash the colling, mud—What's that, Ben?" The cow in the rye lot! Dear me! Everything goes wrong if I step into the house for a moment. And really, Little, these things are your business—not mine!" he added, irritably.

Lucy could not help laughing, all by herself, as her husband ran up the steps.

But it was a very little laugh, and soon changed into a sigh.

"I wonder," said he, in a whisper, "if my poor, tired-out ghost would haunt these stone pavements and scrubbed shovels if I were to die? I never heard of a ghost in a dairy before, but I should think that it might easily be."

But the little bedroom was filled up for all that, as true as a rose, and Uncle Paul arrived, a dried-up, yellow-complexioned old man, with an old-fashioned cravat tied in many folds around his neck, and a suit of navy-blue, with brass buttons.

He had the polite way of half a century ago, and Lucy thought she would like him very much if only she had time to get acquainted with him.

But she was churning ten pounds of butter a day, and there was the baby, and the company, and the young children, and the task to do for the sewing society, which was to meet at her house this week.

She was almost too busy to sleep, but Uncle Paul was watching her quietly all the time.

He came out one day to the barn, where his nephew was putting a new handle on a sickle blade.

"Pretty busy times, eh, Uncle Paul?" said the farmer, scarcely looking the leisure to look up.

"Aye," absently answered the old man. "Did I tell you, nephews Seth, about the reason I left your Cousin Eliza?"

"Not that I remember," said Seth, breathing on the blade and polishing it with his silk handkerchief.

"Dorothy died—her wife!"

"Oh, yes, wasn't it?" said Seth.

"No!" bluntly answered Uncle Paul.

"It was hard work. That woman, Nephew Seth, did the work for eight persons. Eliab didn't even let her have a woman to help with the washing and ironing."

"Must have been a regular-going brute," said Seth, tightening the handle a little.

"All the sewing, too," added Uncle Paul—"the mending and making. Never went anywhere except to church. Eliab didn't believe in women gadding about."

"The old savage!" said Seth.

"She was fond of red," said he,

never got any time for it, but the Paul.

"She wore it," said Uncle Paul.

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Miscellaneous.

R. W. CURRY,
Contractor & Builder.

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Of all kinds promptly done at reasonable rates.
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care by experienced herbologists, and are
warranted.

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John B. DeBlois & Son,

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TO RENT

For the Season.

A Large Stock to Be
Sect from.

FINE STATIONERY;

FINE LINEN PAPER

CREAM WOKE AND LAID, A"

30c. PER LB.

Agency for the Mason & Hamlin Organ.

John Rogers,

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The Best is the Cheapest

'The Diamond C'

HAMS,

SHOULDERS,

AND

BACON

Assured from R. H. C.

Fork and Corn Cob,

Smoked, and are the best.

For Sale at

COGGSALL'S MARKET,

2 & 4 Washington Square, and 120

Thames Street.

California Wines,

Tokay, Port & Sherry,

Very rich and at the low price of

\$1.50 per gallon.

Old Zinfandel, at 70 cts. gallon.

Riesling and Hock, at 75 cts. gallon.

Fall Sale of Fine Liquors.

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Agent for James Gerard's Canada

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Done at the lowest rates, in the best manne-

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OLD OAK

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Wire Springs
AND
SOFT TOP MATTRESS,
for \$25.00,
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JOHN S. LANGLEY.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE
ON ALL DESCRIPTIONS ALSO

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CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, &c.,
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New Carpets
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We are daily receiving new carpets
and wall papers and are pre-
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WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER

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LEAVY & BRITTON'S CAN-
ADA MALT ALES AND
THE CELEBRATED

WATCHEER LAGER

538 Thames St., cor. Lee Avenue.

* Families supplied. Telephone, 1147-1.

Flagg's Bargain Store

12 FRANKLIN STREET.

(Opposite the Post Office.)

Christmas Goods.

Dolls, \$2, 10c, 25c, 50c; Games & Toys; Flotars

Checkers, Chess, Checkers, Checkers, Checkers,

Slate, 10c, 25c; Metalphones, 10c; Crayon

Chalk, 10c box; Jack in the Box, 5c & 10c; Puzzles,

5c & 10c; Gullid Dishes, 10c box; A. B. C. Blocks,

5c & 10c; Caliper, 10c; Rattle, 10c; Clapping Fox

Box, 10c; Toy Box, 10c; Toy Box, 10c; Toy Box,

Sewing Boxes, 10c; Toy Box, 10c; Toy Box, 10c;

Writing Tops, 10c; Trinkets, 10c; Pocket Knives,

5c, 10c, 25c, 50c; Hair & Clothes Brushes, 10c;

Kitchens, 10c; Child's Bibs, 5c; also musical

goods, tinware, hardware, wooden ware and

articles. Cheap prices. Come in and see for

yourself.

Wanted a Change.

An Irishman of the Dublin city artil-

lery militia was admitted for treatment

in the Stokes hospital. Pat was rather

displeased with being ordered "milk

diet," and applying to the ward master

for a change was directed to mention

the matter to the doctor attending him.

Next morning he was greeted by the

doctor with the usual, "Well, and how

are you this morning, my man?"

Guess the doctor's surprise when Pat

replied:

"I'd thank ye, sor, if you'd change

me doot. Sure I was weaned off milk

when I was nine months old." —Life's

Calendar.

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me doot. Sure I was weaned off milk

when I was nine months old." —Life's

Calendar.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

By W. H. PARKER, M. D., 4 Bullock St., Boston, Mass. A complete course of lectures on the Science of Life, delivered at the Parker Office, 144 Franklin Street, Boston, every Saturday evening, at 8 P.M. Price 50c.

Curves, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Pat-

ents business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Persons who desire to have their portraits

done, may do so by sending a sketch or drawing

to the artist, and he will paint it.

Patent applications for inventions, and

other legal services, may be had at the Parker

Office, 144 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TIVERTON.

Mrs. Nancy Holt, residing on Namaquah, passed her 87th birthday, Saturday.

Mrs. Drake and Miss Estelle Drake, guests of Andrew Manchester and family, returned to Attleboro, Saturday.

Rev. Charles A. Chapin, of Brooklyn, occupied very acceptably the pulpit of the Congregational church, Sudbury, preaching at Bliss' Four Corners in the afternoon.

Between 40 and 60 members of Noggin Grange met at White's Hall, Friday evening, the occasion being a farewell reception to Mrs. J. M. Skeats on the eve of her departure for a visit of two or three years to relatives in the West. The feature of the evening was the presentation of a handsome traveling bag of alligator skin. The presentation was made by Mrs. Carrie Potter.

Charles Sumner, aged about 13 years, an engineer at the Torpedo station in Tiverton, was seriously injured Sunday afternoon. He was on his way to the railroad depot at Tiverton when, in front of his home, seeing James Rafferty's old horse he attempted to drive it away, and the beast kicked him in the face. The young man was severely cut, his nose was broken and he was also injured by falling on a rock.

One of the reasons employed on the new house in course of erection, left his coat lying around, the pockets of which were relieved of fifty dollars and a gold watch.

Rev. Melville Honeyman of Providence conducted the services at the Episcopal church Sunday.

Most of the summer cottages are vacant, Wade's Cottage (on the Hill) is occupied for two weeks by parties from Taunton.

Mr. and Mrs. David Deane of Haynham are occupying their cottage on Beach Avenue.

Mrs. Calvin Hall of Brockton is the guest of David Deane and family.

The cottages of Mr. Eddy, Miss Ellis Gifford and Mr. Robinson on Beach Avenue are still occupied.

William Church and family of Tiverton and Mr. Dinsforth and family of Taunton are at their cottages on the Hill.

Mrs. David W. Simmons of the Cran dall Road and Mrs. J. Dorbert Wilcox of Stone Bridge are visiting in New Bedford.

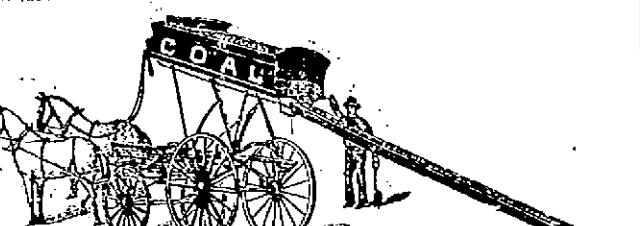
Mrs. Jason W. Gifford returned Friday from a visit to relatives in New Bedford.

The secretary's yearly report of the circulation of books etc., at the Whit-

We Have an Excellent Assortment of the Best Quality of

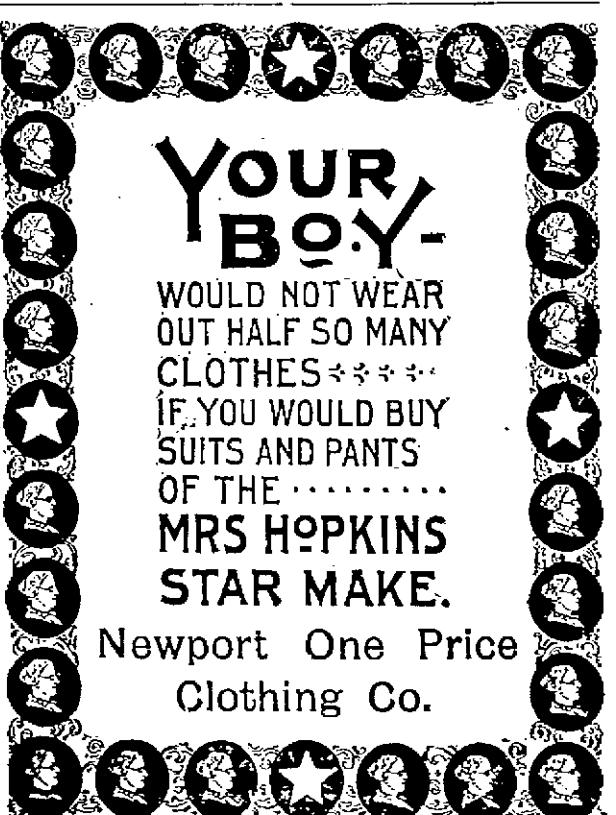
FAMILY COAL,

And this is the way we deliver it.



Also HICKORY, OAK, MAPLE, SOUTHERN and EASTERN PINE WOOD, at the lowest prices.

PINNIGER & MANCHESTER, PERRY MILL WHARF, 361 Thames Street.



Newport One Price Clothing Co.

Entire Wheat Coffee.

New Jams, Jellies Preserves, &c.

Bromangelon

In Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry and Lemon Flavors.

A Dinner Fall Fall of

Tobacco for 45 cts.

Rolled and Ground Oats

DIRECT FROM THE MILL.

S. S. THOMPSON.

172 & 176 BROADWAY.

MANLY STRENGTH.

Facts That Thrill and Words that Burn.

A Vast Audience in Music Hall.

More Interested Gathering Never Assembled.

A Splendid Private Lecture and Advice to Men.

Things all Men Should Know, But Too Often Do Not.

(Special Dispatch from Boston.)

Dr. Greene's lectures are always inspiring. They proclaim a new gospel of hope to suffering humanity. And in this particular his lecture in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., surpasses them all.

It is a watch-word of faith and promise and is of incalculable value and benefit to thousands struggling in our land of fast living, tremulous activities and reinous nervous tension. One has but to look about in our daily walks, with only the commonest opportunities for observation and an uneducated eye, to detect the helpless condition of this high nervous pressure.

They comprise the young, with thots of promise before them rich opportunity. They cleave the race in an aimless and futile to stand the strain. They include those in middle life, who have reached the golden mean of active development, and who ought to be at their best, but who realize their strength and courage are slowly giving out.

They are found among those advanced in years who should have reached the high goal toward which they had so long gazed, but who sly, alaist, late for the strength a loving nature gave, but of which they robbed themselves.

What pitiful objects these, that thus mar the landscape of our American Mel. Springtime without its bloom, summer wanting flower and fruit, autumn bleak and bare before its frost.

Many causes are capable of creating this condition of

Nervous and Physical Prostration: most easily understood and appreciated, but the most dangerous and destructive are those insidious and concealed sources which are so characteristic of modern social life at they almost seem an inevitable of civilization.

From the overtasked child at school to the effete and languid man of advanced leisure, samples multiply on every hand.

How does this terrible affliction begin?

Above, beneath, beyond all else, nervousness—nervous weakness—that state when one seeks solitude, when we find companionship irksome, when we wish to be alone, when we lose restive faculties and it becomes impossible to fix the mind on any given object for say length of time, when we experience general languor, weakness, a dulness of sensations, dizziness, a dimness of sight, loss of memory, a gloomy and depressed condition of mind, headache and faintness. We blush at the slightest cause, are timid, feel our nervous force give way, are sleepless, have no confidence, despair, want ambition, suffer days of aimless unrest and nights of unrefreshing wakefulness, a disagreeable taste that destroys the appetite.

There comes restlessness without activity, tremulous voice in excitement, irritability at the least provocation, a dull, cloudy lack of sensations, a disagreeable feeling we cannot explain, affecting the head and eyes, and a confused condition of mind we cannot control. At times we realize weakness in the back and palpitation of the heart, attended with pain and discomfort. We have no force, no energy, no ambition. Hope and strength flee away. Life is aburden and a sorrow. Suicide sometimes follows on the heels of despair.

What is its meaning?

No man, among all the learned and skillful of the medical discoverers and inventors, has done so much in this great work for humanity in behalf of these suffering patients, as has Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. Early in his extensive practice he realized the vast and important need of a more thorough knowledge in this branch of medical science, and some sure and reliable remedies for this class of patients, and while others failed he found success; while others groped blindly in old and beaten paths, he blazed a new way and came to the sunny opening. Through hidden re-

ceases, in out of the way places, in field and laboratory, by search and invention, with a patience that never tired and a courage that did not falter, he worked out the glorious results which have given him his great name, and humanity a cure for this most fearful affliction.

His success has far exceeded his fondest anticipations.

In the vegetable kingdom, when Divinity has planted healing plants for all the ills of the flesh, he found the things he needed, and so skilfully has he compounded them that a wonderful and complete cure has been supplied for this terrible weakness. Thus is he able to restore to the afflicted this lost vitality, in every case, however difficult or long standing.

So unusual has been his success in chronic instances that the Doctor to is, and has the right to feel, his wonderful remedies are invincible and equal to any emergency. They never fail.

Thousands, out of whom lives all hope had well-nigh died, now rejoice in a restored health and in renewed happiness—old energy revived, ambition returned, strength renewed and new life gained.

Let all weak and debilitated men rouse themselves and get well; for they can get well. They can be just as strong and vigorous as at the most powerful moment of their lives. There is a cure for this disease, so sure and certain that it scarcely ever fails. It cures all these dread symptoms perfectly and permanently. It is that wonderful method of treatment which Dr. Greene has devoted so many years of his life to perfecting. The Doctor has spent years and enormous sums of money in bringing from the most distant parts of the world those harmless but wonderfully strengthening and vitalizing remedies, with which he has had such marvelous success in curing disease.

By the use of his wonderful remedies the patients soon feel their nerves become steady and strong as steel, their energy and ambition return, their eyes flash once more with the fire of health, and they feel themselves again strong, well man, ready for any kind of work. They are cured perfectly and permanently. Those who have given up all hope, can be cured, if they will use Dr. Greene's medicines.

The Doctor has perfected a system of letter correspondence by which patients from every part of the world may consult him in regard to their complaint, free of charge. All they have to do is to write him a letter stating the nature of their complaint, telling him just what symptoms they are suffering from and he will answer their letter, describing their individual case thoroughly, and telling the patient just what is necessary to do to be cured. This is the opportunity of a lifetime for every sufferer to get well. It is just the opportunity that thousands of them are looking for, and if they accept it they will be made strong and healthy men, with nerve and energy to accomplish any undertaking.

Calls upon Dr. Greene at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., are unable to call, write him about your case. You will never regret it. There is no charge whatever for consulting him, either personally or by letter.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF THE COURT.

IN THE COUNTY OF NEWPORT, ON THE 12TH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1895.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE ATTACHMENT,

MADE ON THE 25TH DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1895,

RECORDED IN THE ATTORNEY'S OFFICE,

ON THE 25TH DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1895,

REURNED TO THE SAID COURT JUDGMENT,

UPON A JUDGMENT RENDERED BY THE

COURT ON THE 25TH DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1895,

IN THE COUNTY OF NEWPORT, ON THE 12TH DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1895,

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